

TIGHT WIRE

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
JANUARY / FEBRUARY 1980

PRISON FOR
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EDITORIAL

Time ... a major factor in everyone's life. People race against time ... to be on time. People are impatient with time ... there is never enough time! People try to be in grace with time ... to have a good time. People try to shape time ... planning time ... wasting time. Time never changes, people try to change time. No one wants to face time. To see and feel time.

We that sit caged under lock and key share our lives with time. Time crawls into bed with us and tells of its painful loneliness. We cannot escape time. It takes our hand and follows us everywhere. It breathes our air ... we breathe time. It plays on our minds, with our minds, never to let us forget the emptiness and agony of endless moments spent alone. Though we must share our lives with time, we have no comfort. It shall never stop crying the tears of its' destiny but rather its' destiny becomes ours. Its pain and aloneness finds a way to chill our hearts and its' tears become ours on the pillow.

People fear time because they grow old and die. We rear time as it has crept into our hearts and runs around and around and around our brains, laughing its' contemptuous laugh because we now belong to time.

THE NEW FACE OF THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

(This Editorial, written by Guerry Hoddersen, appeared in the Fall/79 issue of "The Freedom Socialist")

The word is out, ladies: feminism is passé and the hooker look is in.

According to Madison Avenue, feminism is only the shrill, strident echo of a distant past before women liberated themselves from the home and assumed glamorous careers in corporate suites and government bureaus. The "new woman" has no need of a movement to defend her rights - she already has them!

Yes, today's woman should be a devoted mother, glamorous wife, highpowered careerist, charming hostess, and expert homemaker, international gourmet, long-distance jogger, athlete and exerciser, seductress, community activist, cultural sophisticate, and purveyor of the "meaningful" relationship. That's all?

Never mind that we're still doing most of the household chores, that those challenging new careers look suspiciously like the same dead-end, underpaid jobs we've always had, that childcare is a luxury item and that inflation is pricing working women out of house and home, health care, autos - and those expensive new-look cosmetics.

All we have to do is learn to turn adversity to our own advantage, think positively, behave assertively (not aggressively!) and get out there and make it - fashionably attired.

RETROGRADE CULTURE:

Retro (for retrogressive) is the key "in" word for women's apparel.

Commercial nostalgia for the fatal '50's has produced stiletto

heels, super-tight peg-legged pants, and slick merchandising of come-hither dresses.

Women's magazines advise us on the finer points of hunting, titillating, and capturing men.

And childless writers harangue us on the joys of motherhood and monogamous commitment.

Woman-as-victim is the latest chic.

Dark, suave, compelling Draculas do a brisk business vampirizing and slaughtering entranced women on the stage and silver screen.

Record jackets display semi-clad women in the delectable process of being raped, beaten, chained, and stabbed.

And Vogue shows what fun it is to be slapped around while clad in haute couture costumes.

SCHIZOPHRENIA TIME:

What a split-level image! Females are to be self-confident, independent, and sophisticated, AND dependent and submissive play-things. But there's a method to this madness.

Betty Friedan observed in *The Feminine Mystique* that the empty glorification of a woman as a domestic sex symbol is in direct proportion to society's reluctance to treat her as a complete human being. And in a time of deepening recession and joblessness, the corporate powers are pushing women out of the job market and back into the home - which requires the crushing or co-opting of the women's movement and its gains.

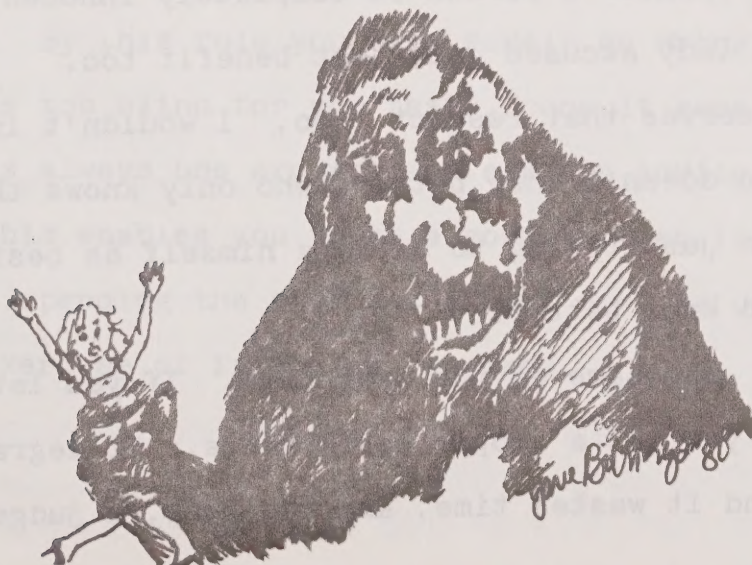
This superwoman image is retained as a sop to middleclass femininism while it beats a hasty retreat for women's basic demands and concentrates on the needs of white professional women and relatively affluent housewives.

But this contradictory image of womanhood, virtually unattainable even for the privileged, puts a cruel and impossible burden upon working and poor women, women of colour, and lesbians. It reduces women to self-hate, a sense of inadequacy, and competitiveness - the hallmarks of the feminine mystique.

Madison Avenue is huckstering an artificial, irrational, essentially Nazi program for women - Kinder, Kirche, Kuche. Capitalism tries to hype women by glorifying the traditional role of mother, wife, and lover, but failing this, the violent woman-as-victim image is employed to convince us that female autonomy cannot prevail against the macho supermale.

FOR A NEW SEXUAL POLITICS:

If the powers that be think they can bamboozle women once again with a shoddy, '50s-style hype they have another thing coming! Women have nothing to gain by resurrecting all the badges of oppression. Instead, we must topple the system that thrives on turning us into corpses, dollies, or property. And that means seizing the government and the corporate suites and creating some really avant-garde styles in human existence.



IT'S ONE OF MY IDIOSYNCRASIES

Judge won't allow word "female" in his court

by: Vianney Carriere
Condensed Version
from the Globe & Mail

County Court Judge Ian Cartwright won't allow anyone to use the word "female" in his courtroom.

"It's one of my idiosyncrasies, because I'm a son of a bitch," Judge Cartwright said yesterday in an interview.

About three weeks ago, an astounded lawyer was firmly warned by Judge Cartwright that he was not to use the word or allow any of his witnesses to use it.

The warning was sternly issued again this week, as Judge Cartwright, who has been on the County Court bench for about two years.

The word, Judge Cartwright said yesterday, is "demeaning and filled with innuendo."

It conveys an expression that something is inferior or wrong with the person...

"I just hate to hear it sneered out of a witness in court... I just don't like it."

The word "female" is police slang, like putting someone in the "bucket", instead of in jail, he said.

"You have to remember a person is completely innocent until proven guilty. A lady accused gets that benefit too.

"A witness deserves that respect, too, I wouldn't interfere with a witness who doesn't know better, who only knows that sort of language and is just trying to express himself as best he can, but lawyers should know better."

"It's sloppy. The same as the overcoats. If you let people dress like slob, you get a sloppy performance. It degrades the whole operation and it wastes time, and you know, a judge gets

exactly the type of performance he deserves.

"In my court, I object to it, and that's enough for me."

As an alternative, Judge Cartwright suggested lady, or person, or even Ms.

There are numerous charges in the Criminal Code of Canada such as the charge of indecent assault that refer specifically to "females", Judge Cartwright was reminded, and consequently the word appears on indictments or official court records.

"Oh, that's okat. In a formal statement, or something like that, it's okay. But I don't like to hear it in my court."

Whenever women have insisted on absolute equality with men, they have invariably wound up with the dirty end of the stick. What they are and what they can do makes them superior to men, and their proper tactic is to demand special privileges, all the traffic will bear. They should never settle merely for equality. For women, equality is a disaster.

If you are part of a society that votes, then do so. There may be no candidates and no measures you want to vote for ... but there are certain to be ones you want to vote against. In case of doubt vote against. By this rule you will rarely go wrong.

If this is too blind for your taste, consult some well-meaning fool (there is always one around) and ask his advice. Then vote the other way. This enables you to be a good citizen (if such is your wish) without spending the enormous amount of time on it that truly intelligent exercise of franchise requires.

RELAXATION TAPE

I will ask you to tense and hold and then relax various muscle groups throughout your body. In this way you will quickly become aware of the difference between muscular tension and relaxation. Also, each time a muscle group is tensed and then relaxed, it will become more completely relaxed than it was before. Let's begin now with your right hand and arm.

With your right hand resting on the arm of the chair, make a tight fist and hold it. Tense the muscles of this hand and forearm as tight as you can and hold it. Notice how the muscles pull across the top of the hand and the fingers and the upper and lower part of the forearm. Now relax. Let the arm and hand drop and go completely limp. Pay close attention to the feeling of relaxation in these muscles. Now without lifting or moving your right arm, tense your right biceps muscles and hold it tight. Notice how the muscle pulls on top and under the arm. Now relax. Let the relaxation flow down the arm. Focus on the feeling of relaxation and go on relaxing. With your right arm remaining completely relaxed, make a fist with your left hand, go through the procedure again with your left arm.

With your arms still completely relaxed, raise both your shoulders, lift them as high as you can and hold it. Feel the pull of the large muscles across the shoulders. Now relax. Drop your shoulders. Allow them to sag as far as they will. Let all these shoulder muscles relax. Experience the effortless, pleasant relaxation.

Now this time tighten the muscles in your forehead and scalp by wrinkling up your forehead and raising your eyebrows at the same time. Hold it. Now relax. Let your brow smooth out and completely relax. Now pull your brow down and together. Again notice the feeling of tightness and tension. Now relax. Let your brow smooth out again, smoother and smoother and smoother. Observe how the tension vanishes from your forehead and scalp. Let it become more and more relaxed.

Now squint your eyes tightly and wrinkle up your nose. Tighter. Notice the tension around your eyes and nose.

Now, take a deep breath. Fill your lungs and hold your breath. Hold it. Notice how the muscles pull across the chest. Now exhale. Relax. Breathe out and feel the pleasurable relief throughout your chest. Continue breathing normally now, in and out, regularly and easily. Allow the rest of your body to be as relaxed as possible.

Now, making sure that your muscles remain relaxed, tighten your stomach muscles. Make them hard as if someone is about to hit you in the stomach and you are prepared for the blow. Hold it. Tight. Now relax. Focus on the surge of relief and the complete comfort of relaxation.

Continue relaxing for a while; enjoying the calm, pleasant sensations of deep, total relaxation. Your hands and arms are limp, your shoulders resting naturally; your face muscles relaxed and serene, your breathing should be easy and rhythmical-in and out. No effort should be required as you completely relax in the chair.

Now I want you to tighten up the muscles in the upper thigh portions of both legs. Observe how it feels when you tighten up both the top and the bottom muscles of both legs. Now relax. Completely relax all your muscles in your legs, your stomach, your chest, your face, your arms and hands. Now raise both your legs up so that only your toes are touching the floor. Notice the tightness form in the calves of your legs. Now, relax. Just drop your feet flat to the floor and relax all the muscles of your legs and feet. Now relax. Let all the muscles around you eyes and nose completely relax. Let the relaxation spread over your entire face. Keep attending to the feeling of complete relaxation, as you let your muscles become more deeply and totally relaxed. Keep your eyelids closed and go on relaxing.

Now, with your mough closed, pull back the corners of your mouth as tight as you can pull them. Feel the tension in the cheeks and jaw muscles as you pull the corners back farther and farther. Now relax; notice the sensation of warmth that flows into these muscles as they become relaxed.

Now, tense your jaw muscles by biting your teeth together. Bite hard. Notice the feeling of tightness in your jaw muscles. Now relax. Let your jaws go completely limp. Feel the surge of relief as relaxation flows in. Now, push the tip of your tongue against the roof of your mouth so you can feel tightness in the muscles under your chin and in front of your throat. Push hard. Hold it. Now relax. Feel the feeling of relaxation streaming down the sides of your face under your chin and into your chin and into your throat, your whole body becoming more and more totally relaxed. Let your whole face become totally relaxed as your arms and shoulders; thoroughly and deeply relaxed. Now, push your head back as far as it will go. Hold it. Observe the pressure in the back of your neck. Now relax.

Let your head return to its normal position. Now bend your head forward touching your chin to your chest. Feel the tightness in the back of your neck. Now relax. Return your head to its normal, comfortable position. Once again, go on relaxing calmly and peacefully.

Finally, push down with your toes and arch up both feet. Feel the pressure as if something were pushing up under each arch. Hold it; now relax. Let your arches fall and enjoy the release and freedom from effort. Go on relaxing. Make quite sure there is no tightness anywhere in your body. Just let your body totally and completely relax. Enjoy the feeling of deep, complete, and pleasant relaxation. Relax.

Condensed Version:

From Tapes Supplied By: Robert B. Cormier. PhD. Joyceville Institution

HOW TO GET YOUR PAROLE

Whatever your attitude is, change it!

If you feel frustrated and worried, avoid becoming personally involved in your own life, the Parole Board will do it for you.

If you're an alcoholic, be sure and memorize the 12 Steps before you go to the Board.

Learn to talk double talk, the Parole Board will understand.

Take a short course in Head Games so you'll not feel out of place.

Don't bother making any plans for Day Parole because the Board has already made them for you.

Don't get uptight if your day parole is denied and you're grounded for a month, because you can always leave next month.

Don't panic....just push the button.

Don't look forward to your eligibility date it was only invented to comfort newcomers.

If none of these helpful hints prove successful, you can always dream about your Mandatory.

THE PROMPT AND DELAYED EFFECT OF NUCLEAR WAR

by Kevin N. Lewis

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

July 1979 Vol. 241

Condensed Version
by June Clay

The primary purpose of the U. S.'s strategic nuclear forces is to deter the U. S. S. R. from launching an attack on the U. S. or its allies. To accomplish that mission the U. S. maintains the constant ability to inflict intolerable damage on the U. S. S. R. The long-range missile and bomber forces of the U. S. have been designed to survive even an all-out surprise attack by the U. S. S. R. in numbers sufficient to deliver a devastating retaliatory counterattack. Since they have similar forces, it is considered unlikely that either side would find it advantageous to attack the other. It is this mutual retaliatory potential, or assured-destruction capability, that is widely held to be responsible for the strategically stable military balance between the two superpowers.

The yield of a nuclear weapon is usually described in terms of the quantity of chemical explosive required to release an equivalent amount of energy; a nuclear weapon is said to have the power of kilotons (thousands of tons) or megatons (millions of tons) of T N T. As in a chemical explosion, the energy from a nuclear explosion is generated very quickly in a small volume. When the nuclear explosion is set off in the air, the energy released instantaneously vaporized the components of the warhead creating a hot, rapidly expanding fire-ball. The explosion gives rise to two prompt effects that in an attack on a city can be devastating. First, as the fireball expands it sends a shock wave through the surrounding medium. The shock wave, which travels away from the point of the explosion at supersonic speed, does blast damage to structures and people. The hot fireball also radiates thermal energy, mainly photons in the visible and infrared regions of the electromagnetic spectrum which can cause burns and ignite materials that are not protected by some kind of opaque

screen. Roughly half of the weapon's energy is eventually converted into mechanical blast motions and about a third is released in the form of thermal radiation. The rest of the energy is represented by prompt nuclear radiation and delayed thermal and nuclear radiation none of which are treated as being important in assured-destruction planning but all of which nonetheless add to the destructiveness of a nuclear attack.

The shock front is literally a wall of compressed air. As it passes, structures are exposed to a nearly instantaneous rise in the local atmospheric pressure, and they may be crushed. Following the shock front are strong winds. The forces resulting from these winds may also lead to the collapse of structures in the target area. Depending on their shape and construction, buildings may be vulnerable either to the shock wave or to the winds that follow it or to both. Thermal radiation can lead directly to flash-burn casualties and indirectly (through the ignition of nearby materials) to flame-burn casualties, or superposing both effects on blast casualties. The extent of such damage depends on both the power of the radiant energy delivered (usually measured in calories per square centimeter) and the period over which the energy is delivered. Destructive blast effects decay with distance faster than thermal effects. Therefore under ideal conditions a nuclear explosion can do substantial incendiary damage well beyond the area devastated by blast.

Since retaliatory forces are planned on the basis of assured damage, the consequences of an attack are typically calculated only on the basis of the more predictable blast effects. Consider the problem of allocating a suitable package of nuclear weapons to an urban area after a review of the targets within that city. Aim points for each weapon are selected in such a way as to ensure that the desired blast effects will cover all the targets. If the targets are close enough together, a single warhead may suffice. If the targets are dispersed or hardened, it may be preferable to allocate more than one weapon to a target area, as opposed to increasing the yield of a single weapon. This approach guards against the failure of a single large warhead, which would leave a target uncovered. It also reflects the fact that few industrial and military complexes are sufficiently concentrated or have the right shape to be attacked by a single weapon of the type that currently constitutes the bulk of U. S. strategic arsenal.

Each city has a unique set of target characteristics, but some simple rules make it possible to predict damage and fatalities. In general any structure not specifically designed for blast resistance would be destroyed and those structures that would not actually collapse would typically be damaged beyond repair. Some reinforced buildings and heavy equipment inside them could withstand, but if these targets were considered important, an attacker could lower the height at which his weapons were set to explode or could aim his weapons or allocate new warheads to achieve the desired effects.

The human body can endure a far more intense blast than most buildings. Therefore in a nuclear attack most of the blast casualties would be caused by indirect effects. The bulk of the population would be at risk from being inside or near collapsing buildings, from being hit by debris thrown by the shock wave or from being hurled into an immobile surface. Thermal effects would also cause many fatalities with a certain range, regardless of external conditions. In estimating fatalities the simplifying concept of the lethal area is often used. Based on theoretical and empirical data developed by the Atomic Energy Commission the lethal area is defined as the circular region with which the number of survivors would equal the number of fatalities outside the circle, assuming that the population density over the entire area is uniform.

To simplify the calculations the estimated fatalities are redistributed, so that planners consider everyone within the circle to be a fatality and no one outside the circle to be a fatality.

It was calculated that the reliable delivery of 400 equivalent megatons would kill 35 percent of the population of the U. S. S. R. and destroy 80 percent of the industrial capacity; (one bomb being equal to one megaton)

In actuality these damage levels are the lowest that would result from nuclear explosions, since they are typically calculated on the basis of the predictable prompt effects described above. When delayed effects--fires, fallout and so on are introduced, the damage estimates become much higher. The delayed effects also ensure that even if the blast-damage levels cited in assured-destruction definitions were not reached, and all-out nuclear war would still result in the devastation of the combatant countries.

Prompt and delayed nuclear-weapons effects can be contrasted by considering an attack on a typical urban target, for example the greater Toronto area. The detonation of 10 bombs aimed at local economic and military targets, would generate over a target more than 500 square miles. More than 1.3 million people would be killed by the prompt blast and thermal effects of the explosions, and more the 80 percent of the area's industrial capacity would be destroyed. It is likely that the secondary effects of the explosions, particularly fires and fallout, would increase these totals.

If conditions were favorable to the attack, the most devastating effect might be incendiary. Under certain weather conditions each one-megaton burst could ignite fires as much as 10 miles away. In such an attack a fire threat would presumably exist throughout much of southern Ontario. Flash induced fires would be joined by blast triggered fires from toppled furnaces, stoves and boilers. Scattered debris and ruptured tanks and pipelines would add fuel to the fires. Firebreaks would be bridged by materials hurled by the blast; water mains would be shattered and fire-fighting equipment and crews would be destroyed or disabled.

After a nuclear attack many people would be disabled, trapped in wrecked buildings or prevented from fleeing the city because the streets were blocked by debris or fire. If mass fires were to form, which seems to be the probable result, the survivors among those who had escaped prompt incapacitation might be few. If mass fires were to begin the number of fatalities could be increased by another 500,000.

As many as a million Ontario residents who were not exposed to the immediate blast and thermal effects of the nuclear explosions would be subjected to dangerous levels of radiation. The fallout fatalities that would be added to the Toronto area toll could be as many as 500,000. The total regional casualties following an attack on the Toronto area with both airburst and ground burst nuclear weapons could well exceed two million dead, with roughly the same number wounded or sick.

Any Russian plan to destroy the U. S. assured-destruction capability would face the formidable task of reducing U. S. forces substantially below the level of 400 bombs. (Actually the task might be even more

5

difficult, because a well-planned American attack of even 200 bombs could still promptly kill a fifth of the U. S. S. R.'s population and destroy more than two-thirds of its industry, thereby satisfying the requirements of assured destruction.)

It is extremely unlikely that a pre-emptive Russian first strike could achieve this goal. For one thing, 400 equivalent megatons (bombs) is only a fraction of the current U. S. nuclear arsenal. More than half of the current U. S. arsenal of more than 6,000 bombs is carried by missile-launching submarines on station, by bombers on alert at Strategic Air Command bases and by silo-based missiles, all of which are capable of going into action with a few minutes of a Presidential order. The rest of the U. S. strategic forces consist mainly of bombers not on alert and submarines in port for maintenance. If a Russian surprise attack were to destroy many land-based U. S. missiles in silos and all the nonalert bombers and submarines, more than 2,000 bombs would remain available for retaliatory action. Even if an unexpectedly large number of U. S. weapons were to malfunction or to be destroyed in flight, more than 1,500 bombs could still be delivered with high confidence. These figures assume worst case conditions from a U. S. view point; if some warning were available prior to such a Russian attack, extra bombers and submarines could be alerted and the number of bombs would more than double.

In sum, the cumulative effects of an all-out nuclear war would be so catastrophic that they render any notion of victory meaningless. The formal methodologies of the assured-destruction scenarios do not reveal the full extent of these effects. Moreover, arguments that throw doubt on the sufficiency of the deterrent capability of U. S. exclude some of the most profound and long-lasting of these effects. When the delayed effects if all-out war are taken into consideration, it should become clear that no countermeasure would significantly lessen the degree of devastation that would surely occur. The magnitude of either the prompt disaster or the delayed one would be so great that neither disaster could ever be considered tolerable.

SLEEP WELL!!!

NOTES ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON

By the data to date, there is only one animal in world dangerous to man-man himself. So he must supply his own indispensable competition. He has no enemy to help him.

* * *

Men are more sentimental than women. It blurs their thinking.

* * *

Any priest or shaman must be presumed guilty until proved innocent.

* * *

Always listen to experts. They'll tell you what can't be done, and why. Then do it.

* * *

There is no conclusive evidence of life after death. But there is no evidence of any sort against it. Soon enough you will know. So why fret about it?

* * *

If it can't be expressed in figures, it is not science; it is opinion.

* * *

A 'pacifist male' is a contradiction in terms. Most self-described 'pacifists' are not pacific; they simply assume false colours. When the wind changes, they hoist the Jolly Roger.

* * *

A poet who reads his verse in public may have other nasty habits.

* * *

History does not record anywhere at any time a religion that has any rational basis. Religion is a crutch for people not strong enough to stand up to the unknown without help. But, like dandruff, most people do have a religion and spend time and money on it and seem to derive considerable pleasure from fiddling with it.

Men rarely (if ever) manage to dream up a god superior to themselves. Most gods have the manners and morals of a spoiled child.

* * *

Never appeal to a man's 'better nature.' He may not have one. Invoking his self-interest gives you more leverage.

* * *

You can have peace. Or you can have freedom. Dont ever count on having both at once.

* * *

An elephant: A mouse built to government specifications.

* * *

Throughout history, poverty is the normal condition of man. Advances which permit this norm to be exceeded-here and there, now and then-are the work of an extremely small minority, frequently despised, often condemned, and almost always opposed by all right-thinking people. Whenever this tiny minority is kept from creating, or (as sometimes happens) is driven out of a society, the people then slip back into abject poverty. This is known as "bad luck."

* * *

In a mature society, 'civil servant' is semantically equal to 'civil master.'

* * *

When a place gets crowded enough to require ID's, social collapse is not far away. It is time to go elsewhere. The best thing about space travel is that it is possible to go else-where.

* * *

A women is not property, and husbands who think otherwise are living in a dreamworld.

* * *

Democracy is based on the assumption that a m.illion men are wiser than one man. How's that again? I missed something.

Autocracy is based on the assumption that one man is wiser than a million men. Let's play that over again, too. Who decides?

* * *

What are the facts? Again and again and again-what are the facts? Shun wishful thinking, ignore divine revelation, forget what the stars foretell, avoid opinion, care not what the neighbors think, never mind the unguessable verdict of history-what are the facts, and to how many decimal places? You pilot always into an unknown future; facts are your single clue. Get the facts.

* * *

God is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnibenevolent-it says so right here on the label. If you have a mind capable of believing all three of these divine attributes simultaneously. I have a wonderful bargain for you. No checks, please. Cash and in small bills.

* * *

People who go broke in a big way never miss any meals. It is the poor jerk who is shy a half slug who must tighten his belt.

* * *

The truth of a proposition has nothing to do with its credibility. and vice versa.

* * *

Masturbation is cheap, clean, convenient, and free of any possibility of wrongdoing-and you don't have to go home in the cold. But it's lonely.

* * *

Writing is not necessarily something to be ashamed of-but do it in private and wash your hands afterwards.

Dont bore him with trivia or burden him with your past mistakes.
The happiest way to deal with a man is never to tell him anything
he does not need to know.

* * *

Everybody lies about sex.

* * *

A touchstone to determine the actual worth of an 'intellectual'
find out how he feels about astrology.

* * *

Taxes are not levied for the benefit of the taxed.

* * *

The phrase we I or you, simply must- designates something that
need not be done. That goes without saying is red warning. Of course
means you had best check it yourself. These small-change cliches
and others like them, when read correctly, are reliable channel markers

* * *

Never underestimate the power of human stupidity.

* * *

Excerpts from:

Time Enough For Love

By:

Robert A. Heinlein

"PEN" PALS

This page is dedicated to the many lonely prisoner's throughout the country. A letter from some lucky person on the outside, can bring a smile and laughter to an inmate. Thus far we have only recieved requests from, men, but we know there are a lot of lonely incarcerated women also. So ladies, don't be shy. Pick up a pen and send a letter to us or to one or more of these men.

James Mishelek #137014; here's a guy that's the outside athletic type. He races cars and builds (?) a sturdy 5' 8", 145 lbs. brown/blond hair and blue eyes.
P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio, 45699 U.S.A.

Robert A. Hussey; this guy has a great sense of humour and a vivid imagination. He loves to fly and go yaughting. Before he was popped he drove trucks for his own company, so one can guess at his physique.

P.O. Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, 17837 U.S.A.

James Ladouceur #4803-3GH-G7; this guy didn't tell us too much about himself. (But we do know about those French men.) He's 26 and looking good.

Journal Corridors

Dept. Socio cultural

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Attention c/o James Ladouceur #4803

Globe & Mail 5/12/79

Final Blow

It is difficult to know whether to congragulate or commiserate with the woman who jumped from the 80th floor of the Empire State Building, only to be blown back at the 85th floor by a gust of wind. She suffered only minor injuries. Some days you just can't get anything to go wrong.

Nothing makes you a better listener than hearing your name mentioned

s. h. daniels, esq.

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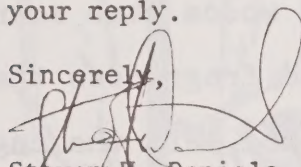
January 4, 1979

Greetings from the Oregon State Penitentiary! I sincerely hope that you all had a pleasant Holliday Season, considering the situation we are all in. A friend of mine recently requested that you send me a copy of your publication, and I found it to be highly interesting. I have been involved in some free-lance writing in the past and thought I would make a suggestion that might help us all.

Seeing as how you are all in a women's prison and I am in a mens', I was thinking about trying to get a correspondance type of operation going as, there are many inmates here who have nobody on the outside. Mail seems to be a thriving thing to me, and I enjoy getting some junk mail once in a while, just to break the monotony. So tell me what you think, do you think that there might be some lonely female inmates up there in your territory that might like or need someone to correspond with?

How about kicking the idea around and getting back to me. I'll be awaiting your reply.

Sincerely,



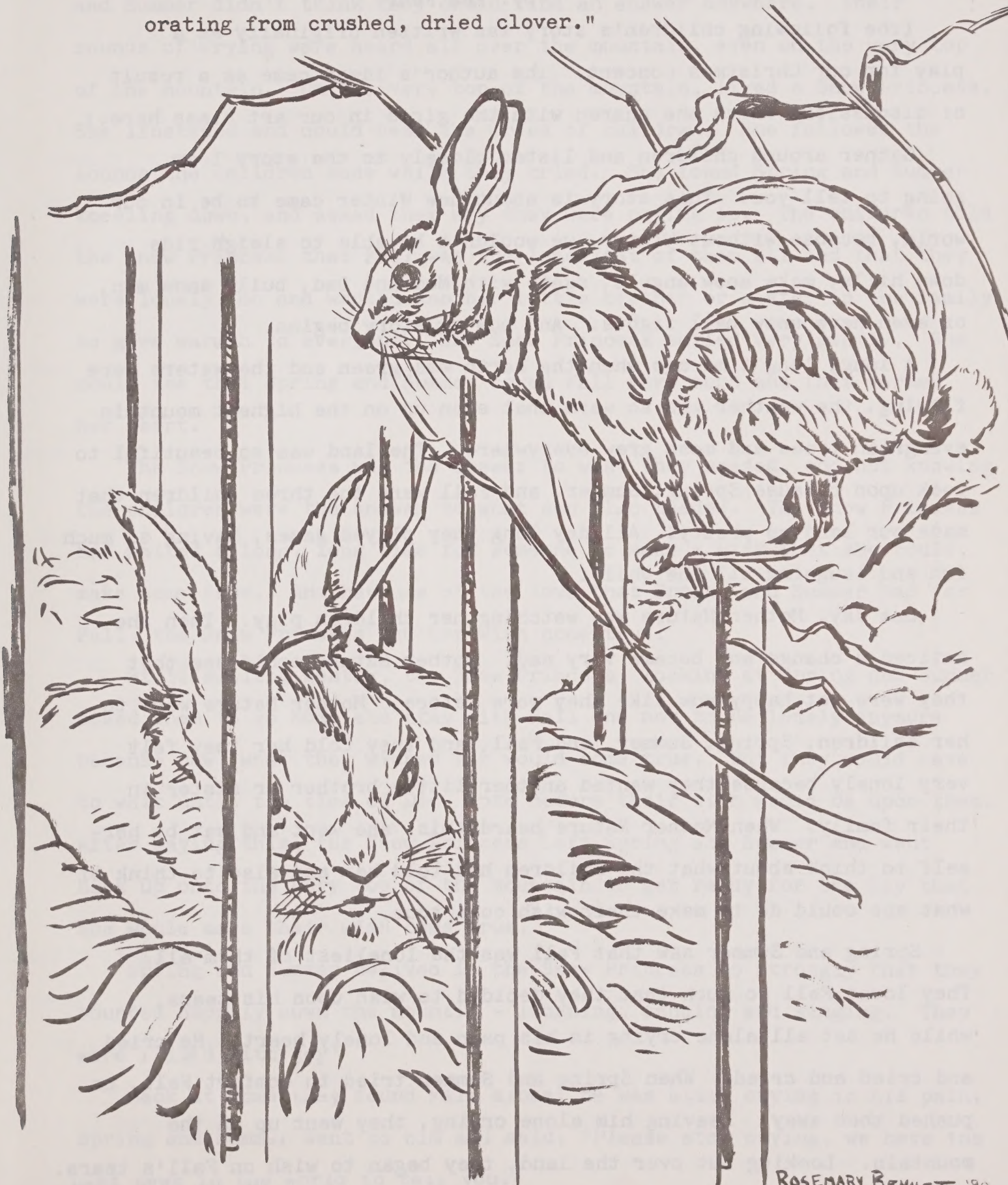
Steven H. Daniels
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The following excerpt was extracted from "The Painted Bird", a novel by Jerzy Kosinski; a Bantam Book, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1965. We, the Editorial Staff, feel it needs no explanation.

".....I recalled the hare which Makar once caught in a trap. He was a fine large animal. One could sense in him a drive for freedom, for powerful leaps, playful tumbles, and swift escapes. Locked in a cage he raged, stamped his feet, beat against the walls. After a few days Makar, furious over his restlessness, threw a heavy tarpaulin over him. The hare struggled and fought under it, but finally gave up. Eventually he became tame and ate from my hand. One day Makar got drunk and left the door of the cage open. The hare jumped out and started toward the meadow. I thought he would plunge into the tall grass with one huge leap and never be seen again. But he seemed to savor his freedom and just sat down, with ears pricked up. From the distant fields and woods came sounds that only he could hear and understand, smells and fragrances that only he could appreciate. It was all his own; he had left the cage behind.

Suddenly there was a change in him. The alert ears flopped, he sagged somehow, and grew smaller. He jumped once and his whiskers perked up, but he did not run away. I whistled loudly in the hope that it would bring him to his senses, make him realize that he was free. He only turned around and sluggishly, as though suddenly aged and shrunken, moved toward the hutch. On his way back he stopped for a while, stood up, and looked back once again with ears pricked; then he passed the rabbits gazing at him and jumped into his cage. I closed the door, though it was unnecessary. He now carried the cage in himself; it bound his brain and heart and paralyzed his

muscles. Freedom, which had set him apart from others resigned, drowsy rabbits, left him like the wind-driven fragrance evaporating from crushed, dried clover."



HOW WINTER CAME TO BE
by: Kas Fehr

(The following children's story was written originally as a play for our Christmas Concert. The author's ideas came as a result of discussions which she shared with the girls in our art class here.)

Gather around children and listen closely to the story I am going to tell you. This story is about how Winter came to be in our world, because without Winter, we wouldn't be able to sleigh ride down hills, make snow angels, skate with Mom and Dad, build snow men, or even have snow ball fights. And now my story begins.

A long, long time ago when the earth was green and the waters were flowing, the weather was so warm that even up on the highest mountain evergreen trees and moss grew everywhere. The land was so beautiful to look upon because Spring, Summer, and Fall were the three children that made our land so pretty. All day long they played games, having so much fun and laughing all the while.

One day, Mother Nature was watching her children play. Then she noticed a change and became very sad. Mother Nature could see that they were not happy now like they were before. Mother Nature went to her children, Spring, Summer, and Fall, and they told her they felt very lonely because they wanted another little brother or sister in their family. When Mother Nature heard this, she went and sat by herself to think about what the children had told her and also to think of what she could do to make their wish come true.

Spring and Summer saw that Fall was the loneliest of them all. They loved Fall so much that they decided to wish upon his tears, while he sat all alone crying in his pain and lonely heart. He cried and cried and cried. When Spring and Summer tried to comfort Fall, he pushed them away. Leaving him alone crying, they went up on the mountain. Looking out over the land, they began to wish on Fall's tears.

In their hearts, the love for Fall was so strong, they also shared

his pain and loneliness, and they started to cry as well. Spring and Summer didn't think they could find an answer anywhere. Their sounds of crying were heard all over the mountain, even on the very top of the mountain. On the very top of the mountain, lived a Snow Princess. She listened and could hear the cries of children. She followed the sounds the children made while they cried. She found Spring and Summer kneeling down, and asked them why they were crying so. The children told the Snow Princess that Fall was the loneliest of them all and that they were lonely too and wanted another little brother or sister in the family to give warmth to everyone. The Snow Princess smiled very gently. She could see that Spring and Summer loved Fall very much and this warmed her heart.

The Snow Princess was the answer to what they needed, and not knowing the children were the answer to what she also needed. The Snow Princess had waited a long, long time for someone to make a wish that she could make come true. And because of the love that Spring and Summer had for Fall, the Snow Princess had her wish come true.

Still smiling gently, the Snow Princess, looking at Spring and Summer asked them to go home and stay with Fall and not to be lonely anymore because now, what they wished for would come true. But they would have to wait until the time of Dec. 25th before their wish would be upon them. After saying this, the Snow Princess left Spring and Summer and went back up onto the very top of the mountain to get ready for the day that she would make their wish come true.

Spring and Summer believed in the Snow Princess so strongly that they bounced happily down the mountain - laughing, dancing and singing. They were filled with joy!

Back at home they found Fall alone; he was still crying in his pain. Spring and Summer went to him and said, "Please stop crying, we have the best news in the world to tell you."

After they had told Fall the good news, he was so happy that his leaves began to turn into many, many beautiful colors. Spring and Summer were also very happy and the three children began to play happily and the three children began to play happily again. Mother Nature could see the excitement shown by her three children, and went to them asking, "What is making you all so very happy?" Spring, Summer and Fall then told Mother Nature the good news of the Snow Princess and the promise she had made. Mother Nature knew of her children's belief in the Snow Princess by their happiness and the way they played. The children were playing like they did before, bouncing and laughing, filled with joy. Seeing this made Mother Nature very happy and she, too believed in the Snow Princess because of her three children. Mother Nature then called out to Spring, Summer and Fall saying, "Children, come here to me and we will wait for the time of Dec. 25th to come, when the Snow Princess will give us our wish. It won't be long now. "Mother Nature tenderly held her three children, huddled around her, and they all waited.

It is now Dec. 25th. The day everyone waited for was finally upon them. Spring, Summer, Fall, and Mother Nature sat waiting for the Snow Princess to appear so their wish would come true. Soft, white, feathery shapes that made you tingle wherever they landed on you appeared, and these were called Snow Flakes by the Snow Princess. She had brought the Snow Flakes with her from the mountain top. They fell everywhere. The Snow Princess said, "From these Snow Flakes your wish has come true" and as Mother Nature and her three children watched, there came a child made of bright shiny snow flakes. He came to Spring, Summer and Fall and said, "I am your wish come true; I am your new brother, to give you the warmth and love you so wanted. I am winter."

Now everyone was so happy, and dancing and laughing was shared by all Mother Nature and her Four children.

HAIKU'S ABOUT SNOW

Soft snow falling down
Fluttering unto the ground
Bring back memories

Dreamy white snowflakes
Softly falling from heaven
Rest upon the earth

Soft sily snowflakes
fluttering unto my nose
Vanish suddenly

Snow is beautiful
Soft white delicate and pure
Reminds me of you

Walking in the woods
I met a friendly snowflake
Doing his own thing

Making the earth white
To fill man's eyes with beauty
Spreading happiness

By: Judy D.

A RHYME

In Limbo the soul shall find freedom
In Limbo our souls shall meet
The more you move your spirit
The less you move your feet.

by: Susie

JUST A FLEETING

I marched to the beat of my own drummer
We marched to the heavens above
We marched to the fires below
We drank the wine of life giving blood
With the angels we feasted upon manna
A battlefield cold and grey
We watched the warrior fight and die
From her womb woman gives birth
We watched an infant come into life
The moon was black, the sun blood red
As we journeyed our way back to life
In the distance music heard
I opened my eyes a silent farewell
Til my drummer beats the call again.

by: Susie

TEN TEARS GONE

And so today my world it smiles
Remembering the days I have walked miles
But now I am imprisoned
And there isn't much I can say.

All of this time is no great surprise to me
But all in all what will be will be
Cause I can't turn back the time
And I wouldn't if I can.

But as I look down that road
And all these happenings I have sewed
Come together all at once
And time it lingers on.

I realize now where I should be
On the desolated mountains, oh so free
But all I can do now is dream
Until that will come.

But give up on life I will not do
I get all my pride to pull me through
But prison is not new to me
We are all prisoners, don't you know?

But as I count all of my dreams
All tell a story so it seems
Tomorrow never comes
Yesterday is "TEN YEARS GONE".

Joyce Bull

The following three poems were written by a Scot
who is currently serving a three-year sentence in an
English prison. His name is John Cairney.

THE HOLY LOCH

The light shines forth from the sea
Rippling and dancing on the cold overlay
On the deep bed of the ocean
Running over and onto the dominion of man.
Shining, shimmering multitude of light
Silver and white interchanging
With the dark, deep shadows of the night.
Slowly and softly, the red-silken sun
Elevates in the distant horizon,
Giving light, and filling the air
With the promise of light -
The winter of night, and the birth of all.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Out on bail from the jail in the South,
Where the men have the heart of an old cotton-smouth,
I'm freed, my friend from the tomb of the dead,
No more to feast on water and bread.
Over the state line from the gates of hell
In that haven of hate I knew so well.
I'm happy, I'm free, and content to be
Released on bail from Birmingham Jail.
Released on bail no more to return
No more to see the firey cross burn.
Dead eyes and dead ears has democracy
And evil the heart of their liberty.
The hatred of man because of his skin,
And to smile at his screams with a skeleton grin,
The song of the Negroes, a sad sorry tale,
It's a hell of a place in Birmingham Jail.
But the tale I tell is not one of death
Not only the body will lose its last breath,
The death I mean, is humanity lost,
The lady of freedom, she is the ghost,
While in her death throes, she gave out a wail -
Why must I die in Birmingham Jail?

POLITICS

There are five fingers shining in the heavens,

But the hand is not united,

These five fingers symbolize power,

But the hand is not united.

The first finger glows a deep, deep red,

Stained with the blood of all their dead,

This hand must be united.

The second shines as a galaxy of stars,

All ruled over by the planet Mars,

This hand must be united.

The third is nine united in the scene of Man's damnation,

The pains of God where in these lands,

Near ending all creation; to save all this,

This hand must be united.

The sandy forth will run red again, soaking the arid soil,

The Three Wise Men have left this place,

Leaving greed for rich black oil,

This hand must be united.

The fifth, the red star burning bright,

Over-flowing boundries with might is right,

This hand will be united.

John Cairney

LEAVES

by: Rosemary Bennett

The leaves have only small secrets to tell...
As we stalk through them.
The rains have moistened their discordant crackle...
To a sibulant swish.

Some are thin and gauzy like chiffon...
Their veins like intricate lines.
Bones stripped of cochineal red and ocher yellow...
Dry dreams of life's flow.

They curl into themselves as though to huddle,
Against the earth's sheltering breast.
Like embryos awaiting their hope of newness,
Cleansed warm beneath a mantle of snow.

They lay - faded now, dampened, disheartened...
Like moss turned brown,
When summer's heat robs it of its green.
Freer now, in repose, to tread upon a wish.



LOVING A CONVICT

Loving a convict is not always gay
And loving him is a high price to pay
It's loving him without him to hold
It's being young yet feeling so old.
It's you writing letters saying, I love you
It's him writing back saying he loves you too.
Then you visit him and promise you'll wait
And deep down inside he holds his faith
It's reluctantly painful to let him go
While dying inside from needing him so
It's watching him leave while your eyes fill with tears
And standing alone with hopes, dreams, and fears
At times he is so near, yet so far away
But it's loving him more and more each day.
Weeks turn to months, months turn to years
Loving a convict is shedding many, many tears.
Time passes slowly and yet so fast
Before you realize it, the time is past.
Loving a convict is more than just dreams
For loving a convict is just what it means.
No! Loving a convict is not much fun
But it's well worth the price when his time is done.

(by J.A. to G.A. in Idaho Prison)
Taken from: Prison, Vol.1, Issue 4/79.



CAPTURED MOMENTS

How silvery thin the prison air is locked between these iron bars
How pale the sky is today! Locked between these iron gates
As I look in dreamy scores of fallen timber
I scratch the surface of the early mornin' dew
Trying sleepily out to grasp Mother Nature's limbs
I am slung from those groundless thoughts
With the force of a million outrages.

I hear her sound on the lips in the craters cracklin'
And the mountain of love crying out its melting snow
Her tears come down in blue mountain streams
Wherein the woman of nature washes freely
And wiggles and ripples out her juices
In wavy flutters to color flood the waters in her beauty blue
Comes her sounds of splashing rains mixed in the whislin' of the
wind getting fresh with her.

As her haze settles over these spying eyes
Her looseness covers up the hillside of her bushes
Over which a raven flies in joy
A sailing shadow trailing along below it
Burying itself in the forest
That fell down here by her waterfall
She held these thoughts in iron feet
Held shackled in the myths of time and freedom
Born again she held my freedom cradled
And age with serving time in these captured moments
That glue this spirit to concrete prison walls.

by: Miako S. Likakur
Walla Walla Pen
Washington

'Night comes like the falling of Joe Clarke's Government,
always but not soon enough.'

Edie Harris

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